

# The Missing Scenes Collection

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Summary: Missing scenes from Merlin... (One shots)

## 1. Chapter 1

To save a Prince

\_[Missing scene for The Gates of Avalon]\_

Arthur's armour was pulling them back down into the cold depths of the lake. There was only death awaiting down there, so Merlin tried with all his might to keep the Prince's head above water. If he could just pull him closer to the shore where he could find his footing, as it would be useless to even try and get Arthur's heavy chainmail coat off in the water. Merlin was a good swimmer, but his arms were giving in keeping the unconscious man up against his chest. He wasn't strong enough by far, and the water was cold enough to make his fingers go numb.

How ironic to save the Prince from Sophia and her father, while he actually hadn't saved him yet, and a dread feeling deep inside his stomach made him fear that it had all been for nothing. That his friend needed help right away, or he would still die, if he wasn't dead already. It had taken Merlin far too long to find him in that murky water, and he wasn't sure how long he had been under water to begin with, as Arthur had already disappeared when he had arrived at the scene.

Frustrated he pulled Arthur up again, which only resulted in Merlin going under swallowing a gulp of water that came out of his nose when he surfaced, coughing and spluttering but still holding on to his precious cargo.

A little voice inside his head seemed to wake up telling him that he should use his magic. That the Prince was out of it anyway, and it would be the best way to get him onto the shore. To get him home, to

safety. Although Merlin wasn't sure if he could even muster a spell while concentrating on the man in his arms, he had been able to move objects since he was a little boy. With no use of a spell, with no effort at all.

Feeling his magic warming him, flowing through him like it always did, like a living entity that surrounded his body and soul, he cursed himself for not thinking about this in the first place. He would have been able to pull Arthur out of the water even without having to jump in himself. The royal prat was right, he surely was an idiot.

Trying to relax he felt his magic rolling upwards, and feeling the exact moment when it reached out, he pushed it all into Arthur, willing the body to get light, to float on the water like a piece of wood, to drift to the shore.

Merlin wasn't even sure if he had enough power to manage the task, but when Arthur's body in his arms instantly started to hover just above the surface, he couldn't stop a gasp of surprise. It was actually working.

Not wasting any more time he grabbed the Prince's arm, and while swimming with swift strokes back to the shore, he dragged Arthur behind him without much effort at all. The body even kept hovering just above the ground when Merlin, dripping wet, cold and desperate fell on his back on the moist grass suddenly feeling utterly exhausted.

There was no time to rest though, as he had to make sure that Arthur was still alive. His mind pulling back from the idea of being too late while he pushed his numb cold fingers to Arthur's neck, the way he'd seen Gaius do many times. He also bent over to check if Arthur was still breathing.

He could feel a faint movement, up and down in Arthur's neck, as well as a tiny bit of air brushing against Merlin's cheek, but it wasn't much. What if he had breathed in so much water that he was still drowning even lying here on the shore? Gaius had told him once that water would get into people's lungs and they could die, even after being saved. If he needed a healing spell more than ever, it was now.

Merlin felt tears well up in his eyes, staring down at Arthur's body hovering next to him looking so pale and fragile even. He was terrible at healing spells, and fear gripped his heart while he angrily whipped away the moisture from his eyes and cheeks. A shiver of cold was running down his back, and he swallowed.

He needed to stay calm, for Arthur's sake. Maybe there was another spell he could try? Not exactly a healing spell, but one that would perhaps drain Arthur's lungs of the water that was left there to kill him?

Quickly moving onto his knees, he lay his hands on the man's chest and concentrated. The fear and the cold all but forgotten, he again felt his magic take control. Pushing out like a wave of golden energy into Arthur's lungs.

"ForlÃ|tan Ã©gorstrÃ©am..."

There was total silence for a moment, as Merlin waited. It seemed to last forever, and just when he was about to despair Arthur mumbled something incoherent. The colour that had drained from his cheeks slowly returned, his breathing getting stronger and even.

Merlin let out a huge sigh of relief. Arthur was alive, and he had to believe that the Prince was going to be fine. Getting him back to Camelot would not be easy, but it was nothing compared to what he'd been feeling just minutes ago.

The idea of losing Arthur had been so utterly painful that Merlin couldn't even start to understand it, and he wasn't so sure he ever wanted to.

The prince was safe for now, that was all that mattered...

## 2. Chapter 2

Defeating the raven

Missing scene for The Curse of Cornelius Sigan

"Ic Æ-n s;wol hÆr belÆac, abide Æ|t ic... ÆÆ...  
ÆlÆ-ese!"

When the blue substance that was Sigan slowly crawled up around his legs, Merlin determinately cast the spell, pronouncing the words as clearly as he could. A shiver of fear ran down his spine, when the icy touch, the essence of the dark sorcerer, moved over his body, upwards to find entrance into his mouth and nose, and into his very soul.

Merlin felt all but certain, while he tried his best to keep his fear hidden. The Dragon had given him the right spell, and now it was up to him to use it in the right way. A heart shaped but empty stone felt heavy inside a pocket of his jacket. He could do this, he had to. If not, all of Camelot would be lost, including Arthur. Arthur might have acted like a true prat these last days, but Merlin cared for him, even though it was hard at times. Very hard.

The icy blue fog touched his mouth and nose, and when it started to enter, Merlin could feel himself choke to get the words out, the spell, all of it. It felt like suffocating, like being under water gasping for air. He lifted his head, desperately needing the oxygen. He had to, just one moment...

Coldness was entering his body, like shards of ice making their way inside his blood and into his brain. It mixed itself with the essence of his magic, pulling at it, overwhelming it with its darkness, and the shock of it made him fall to his knees. He felt the cold cobblestones of the courtyard while he swayed and landed on his side, the cry of a raven penetrating his senses, while his body convulsed in painful spasms, and he had no air to cry out.

He felt utterly lost for a moment, alone in the darkness of his mind, when suddenly a tiny spark of energy twitched through his finger tips. It tingled while it warmed him, and it rushed through his veins with a power that he didn't even want to understand. White heat

chasing the dark, clinging to it and pushing it up and up... Merlin quickly dismissed the idea of a tiny dragon inside of him, pushing a roaring fire through his body to cleanse it from everything that was dark and evil. Chasing it and scaring it away.

Sucking in a large gulp of needed air, he felt the flow of Sigan's energy leave his mouth, flittering in the air in front of his eyes for a moment, like it was hurt and unsure of what to do. Quickly gathering his senses, Merlin grabbed the heart stone from his pocket, holding it up in mid air.

A pulling force emitted from that stone, almost like someone grabbing your arm dragging you along. The cry of the raven sounded alarming in his head, the blue fog swirling, dancing, before it got sucked into the stone that immediately changed colours from white to blue. Then there was total silence.

Merlin let out a shaky sigh, holding the jewel firmly in one hand. Fog had began to appear in the courtyard, like it was drifting in to tell everyone that the dark sorcerer was trapped once more. But there was no one around to see it, no one to tell Merlin that he did it. Once again he had saved everyone's lives, and there would be no reward, no credit, no nothing.

Gazing over to Arthur's unconscious body he couldn't help but chuckle. One day the man would find out what he had truly done for him, Merlin was sure about that. Today was not the day. Standing up, he carefully moved through the fog, his limbs still stiff and sore, but his mind totally clear.

A familiar shadow moved towards him, and the voice reaching his ears sounded worried.

"Merlin?" It was Gaius.

Letting out a slow sigh he kept his face neutral while walking towards his mentor and friend. For a moment they gazed at each other, Merlin keeping up the tension on purpose. It wasn't fair to the older man, but he was building up for a major surprise.

Eyes met him in shock, and Merlin swallowed deeply. This had gone far enough. He truly did feel like an idiot all of a sudden, what in the world was wrong with him? Gaius must have been so worried.

Clutching the heart stone he held it up in triumph, a grin spreading all over his face while they walked towards each other. The relieved look on the other man's face, mingled with happiness, had him grin more widely. And before he knew it, he was enveloped in a huge hug.

"Well done, my boy." Gaius hugged him, while Merlin couldn't stop the relieved chuckles coming from his mouth. He did it, he had saved Arthur and Camelot.

And Gaius was proud of him, no doubt...

### 3. Chapter 3

Never for Nothing

\_[Missing scene for The Kindness of Strangers]\_

Camlann. The name alone made Merlin feel nauseated. When Gaius had opened the small box, given to Merlin by Finna, his insides had started to burn, but his mind had been solely fixed on the message inside. A message he hoped would never come to pass if he could help it.

Thinking back about Finna, Merlin felt the weight of his destiny crushing him once more. How much of this could he take? How much until it was enough? People were laying down their lives for the future of Albion, certain in the knowledge that he wouldn't fail them.

And now he was alone, in the quietness of his own room. One small lit candle, spreading dancing shadows across the walls. Total silence, as if the whole world didn't exist anymore and he was the only one left. Sitting on his bed, his feet on the floor, while he gazed at the wall.

Silent tears left a salty warm trace over his cheekbones. He blinked them away in anger, while his fist came into contact with the pillow on the bed. Again, his fist came down, and again. The movement released all his anger, his grief, his guilt. He should have saved Finna, again his fist came down. He should have stopped Morgana, period, his other fist joined in. He should have kept a closer eye on Mordred. He should have... Should, should, should...

His breath came in short gasps and sweat appeared on his forehead, but he didn't stop. Sobs were escaping him and he swallowed hard, trying to hold in the sound, but doing so it made him choke, so he had no choice but to let them out. He didn't want to wake up Gaius. He didn't want the old man to worry about him.

Merlin grabbed the pillow, and embraced it, it's soft warmth giving him a slight feeling of comfort. Hugging it close to his chest, his head resting on top of it, the sobs slowly turned into tiny hiccups, and while he closed his eyes, back to a normal breathing pattern.

Finna. Merlin hadn't known her very well, but as he mourned for her, he made a vow. Her death would not be for nothing. He would do anything in his power to make sure of that...

End  
file.